



LIPS THAT WERE SEALED

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with a scene at a party. Miss Henrietta Winstanley, sister of Bishop Winstanley, is overheard by Barbara Anson, who is in the employ of Dan, one of the town's popular young men. Dan showed the nervousness when Attorney Twinning told him Barbara refused Anson.

CHAPTER II.—Anson the following day, in the presence of Twinning, accused Dan of having been with Barbara. Twinning refused to prosecute. Barbara persuaded Anson to postpone starting prosecution.

CHAPTER III.—Twinning learned of the engagement of Anson and Barbara. He congratulated both.

CHAPTER IV.—He visited Miss Henrietta and found her in tears. He feared prematurely announcing to attention. He alone she told him she reciprocated.

CHAPTER V.—Mrs. Anson, Dines, wealthy widow, proposed a marriage by proxy with Bishop Winstanley. The latter consulted with Twinning. The bishop had been paying attention to Miss Streeter.

CHAPTER VI.—Dan consulted the attorney, saying his sister was desirous to marry Anson. He declared she actually loved the bishop, though he could not help believing she was making a sacrifice to save him from jail.

CHAPTER VII.—Miss Winstanley, finding a priest ready in the bishop's house, seemed a lone soul.

CHAPTER VIII.—Mrs. Dines called for America. Miss Winstanley informed Twinning that Mrs. Dines was intent upon stopping the marriage of Anson and Anson.

CHAPTER IX.—Mrs. Dines arrived. Anson immediately set about to sail with Barbara for Europe the following day. In order, it seemed, to avoid Mrs. Dines.

CHAPTER X.—Mrs. Dines confronted Anson with evidence of his pretensions while attorney for the late Mr. Dines. She told him that if he persisted in marrying Barbara that day that she would prosecute him. She had seen a long friend of Barbara's, and refused to allow her to marry the accused, that she declared Anson to be a liar. Finally he agreed to her proposition.

"Married," exclaimed, "Bishop Winstanley married! And to the sister!"

"What?" cried Mrs. Dines. "Did I scare him like that?"

Her pallor gave way to a flush of color, and, leaning back, she laughed till her eyes fairly brimmed with tears. There was no attending to him; she was simply overcome with the humor of the situation, and I hoped earnestly that the bishop's sister would gradually yield herself to it also. At present she showed no signs of it.

"Get in," she said to me; "we can discuss it here."

Chewing, we rolled decorously off. Mrs. Dines' hand went out and covered her friends.

"My dear, can you ever forgive me for precipitating such a thing as this?" she asked anxiously.

Miss Winstanley shook her head.

"You—didn't do it," she murmured; "he has been—been carrying pressed roses; I suppose any one else would have known what that meant."

"To Run Away!" she moaned; "at Charles' age!"

But I—dear heaven, how could I believe such a thing? she wailed. "And to elope—oh, Hannah, think of it. Charles to elope!"

Mrs. Dines' laugh rumbled forth so contagiously that to have me I could not help echoing it softly.

"That's just what I am thinking of, dear," she said. "To think of his imagining that he had to fly from poor me like that! It's so funny! Oh, do try to see how very funny it is, Henrietta," and she sobbed in her enjoyment of the affair.

"It is absurd and unforgivable," said Miss Winstanley austere.

The large hand tightened over hers, and Mrs. Dines' tones became serious.

"You are not to hold it against him. Promise me that. Take it out of me, but don't spoil his happiness by censuring him. I'm the one to be punished, for anybody can see that the hastening is entirely due to me. I suppose if I had any vanity I'd be getting my punishment right now, but, unfortunately, my sense of the humorous outweighs my vanity and I can only—only—oh, Henrietta, for goodness sake, laugh!"

A faint—a very faint twinkle lit in Miss Winstanley's blue eyes.

"It is absurd for him to run away from us like this," she said. "For you know, Hannah, I was arrayed with you."

Her friend nodded warmly, laughter dancing over her face and in and out among the coquettish chins.

"She is really a charming girl," I put in.

"Who is she, anyway?" asked Mrs. Dines. "To think of my not asking that before!"

"Miss Streeter," said I; "a cousin of Mrs. Jack Anson."

"Not Cecelia Streeter! You don't tell me! Why, Henrietta, dry your eyes; this match was made in heaven. She was born for the bishopric. Think how she looks the part."

"So I am always reminding Miss Winstanley," I ventured.

"Then that's all she ever does," wailed her sister-in-law miserably.

"Oh, by no means. You greatly misjudge her," Mrs. Dines contended. "She is calm, I grant you, but a bishop's wife should be calm. No, really, since your brother wouldn't have me, I don't know where he could have done better. Besides she's prodigiously rich, you know. What! You didn't know? Oh, yes, immensely so. My poor little dot looks small beside her. She doesn't talk about it, but—"

"Does she talk about anything?" I inquired.

Mrs. Dines shot me an amused glance over her friend's head.

"Silence is an excellent qualification for a bishop's wife, I'm sure. Mr. Twinning, then she isn't always getting her self and the diocese into trouble. Now, see here, Henrietta, considering her looks and her reserve and her money, surely you might forgive her for letting your brother run off with her."

"It's very good of you to try to cheer me up," Miss Winstanley responded, vaguely.

"And it's downright foolish of you to hold out against so beautiful an arrangement. To my mind this is as admirable a match all round as I have known of in a very long time. So do cheer up and be glad. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Twinning?"

"Most heartily," as Miss Winstanley knows," said I.

That little lady was not, however, ready to yield herself at once to the sudden situation.

"To run away!" she moaned; "at Charles' age!"

"That don't you see that it's a great advantage to me?" smiled Mrs. Dines. "Let me get that much out of it, won't you? It shows how much confidence he has in my getting away I want. You see, he didn't know what brought me to America, and, following on the heels of my proposal to him, it really seemed, you know, that I was coming to marry him, whether or no. You can see for yourself how the poor dear man must have felt. Did he imagine, I wonder, that if everything else failed I should kidnap him? Well, I forgive him even that. And I want you to forgive him, Henrietta. You must. That's a good, sensible sister. And now it's quite time we came back to our mutton. Tell the man to drive us to the Henningtons, will you, Mr. Twinning? If you don't feel up to going in, Henrietta, I'll go alone, but one of us must certainly see Barbara at once."

"Then you may let me down at the Fifteenth street corner of the Square," said I. "I'll get along back to the office."

As the carriage stopped, Miss Winstanley bent forward, looking eagerly after a fast-disappearing figure.

"Isn't that Dan?" she cried. "Can you overtake him? He is the one to take her the word."

I sprang out and caught up with him within the block, although he was swinging along at an uncomfortably brisk pace.

"On your way to the house, are you?" he asked when he saw me. "It must be pretty nearly time for the wedding. I was afraid I couldn't make it in time, but I caught a flyer within the hour after I had Barbara's message."

"Miss Winstanley wants you," I said, nodding to the carriage, that had turned and was bringing up to the curb.

He was surprised to see Mrs. Dines, and greeted her with a boyish affection that must have warmed her heart.

"All on the way to the wedding?" he inquired after he had shaken hands.

"There is to be no wedding, Dan," Miss Winstanley said, gently.

He had paled before she could explain.

"Nothing's wrong with Barbara?" he asked, quickly.

"No, no, everything is just coming right for her. Get in—with a glance toward the coachman. We are driving to the house now, and Mrs. Dines will explain to you. Then you must tell Barbara what is to be told. We'll wait outside, and if she wants us we'll come right in. If not you must tell us, and we'll go away again. Don't you will you?"

"I must tell you good-by," I said.

As I started off across the Square, Miss Winstanley called after me that she would send for me later in the day.

But I was too impatient to await her summons, and four o'clock found me at her door. As I turned in at the steps, the door opened and Dan came out, hurrying down and stopping at sight of me to wink my hand. He

was planning, I had not seen him so much like his old self in months, and it did him good. Somehow it also seemed to press well for me. All his buoyancy had returned, and he was once more the charming, irresistible fellow we all loved.

"Everything's all right at last, Tom," he cried. "I don't deserve it, but I'm down on my knees giving thanks for it, just the same, and if ever—" he lowered his voice, looking over my shoulder at some one who was approaching—"if ever I get any of you into such a mess again, may I be hanged! Oh, it's been awful! You'll never know. But it's over, thank God! And now it's up to me to make good. And that's what I'm going to do old man. Who is this confounded fellow coming?" I wanted to talk with you a minute, but I'll look in after dinner, if you're to be at home. There's a deal to tell you," and he was off.

An ecclesiastical-looking gentleman mounted the steps with me, inquiring for the bishop, while I went in to Miss Winstanley.

She was flushed and smiling and bright-eyed.

"Did you think I had forgotten you? Bless you, no. But there has been so much to do. We only left Barbara, poor child, an hour ago. There were messages to be sent for her, orders to countermand, and—"

"Then she isn't going with him?" I broke in.

"Oh, did you think—is it possible you gave her credit for so little?"

"If she loved him—"

She caught me up sharply. "Of course she didn't love him. I always told you that, but you would go on in your stubborn belief in my intuitions, you foolish, foolish fellow. My, but she was gallant, though! She had me almost bewildered at first; but the moment she found that she could have done with all pretense and that her fancied obligation to Anson was at an end, then how she changed! It was pitiful to see her. One understood the terrible strain she has been under. I'm not pretending to say whether or not she cares for you, Mr. Twinning—that's for you to find out for yourself, you know—but I think it is only fair to tell you that she never has cared for Anson."

"Thank God!" I devoutly murmured. She jatted my arm and made funny little dashes at her eyes with a dot of a handkerchief.

"She is going out of town to stay with some friends until the storm of the broken engagement has blown over, she told me. They go tomorrow, she and Dan. He will stay with her a fortnight, until she is a little recovered, for in spite of her wonderful courage and poise, she is tremendously undone by all this."

"And is there nothing—"

"Nothing just yet," she smiled. "Now let me tell you what Dan and I are going to do. You remember that I have some undeveloped mining property?"

(To be concluded)

REACHED THE RIGHT PLACE

Man Who "Never Said an Unkind Word About Anybody" Claimed with Hypocrites.

"The late John R. Conditine," said a New York hotel man, "had a host of friends. Yet he was never afraid to speak his mind. He hated hypocrites."

"When Conditine was managing Corbett so successfully I happened to praise at a dinner a pugilist he disliked. I said:

"There's a man who never said an unkind word about anybody in his life."

"Mr. Conditine laughed. He said that such men always recalled to him Ira Slick."

"Ira Slick," he explained, "died. After death he mounted the stairs of gold confidently, and he knocked with confidence at the golden gate."

"But St. Peter, frowning heavily, stuck his head out of the wicked and pointed down."

"So very much astonished and pained, Ira Slick descended to the lower regions. He came to a black gate from which flames and sulphurous smoke spouted. A fiend stood at the entrance, a fiery trident upright in his hand like a spear."

"What are you doing down here, Ira Slick?" demanded the fiend.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Ira, plaintively. "There must be some mistake. I never in all my life said an unkind word about anybody."

"That's all right," said the fiend, quickly. "Step this way, please. At the end of the bottom corridor, next to the fire, you'll find the hypocrites' cage."

Good Rules to Observe.

"When in haste, go slow; when excited, keep cool." are two fundamental rules by which most women who so frequently have occasion to be "on edge" and "all upset" can spare their nerves and indirectly their pocket-books. Impulsively letting your nerves and emotions give way before you have time to think is a habit that can only be controlled by a call on reason and common sense.

Mean.

About the meanest thing one woman can say of another woman's appearance is that she looks as if she had dressed while running to a fire.—Chicago News.

Clever Scheme.

"Our sales of indication tablets are falling off rapidly," said the proprietor of the patent medicine establishment. "We must do something to counteract it." "Why not start a factory for the manufacture of chafing dishes?" suggested the advertising expert.—Philadelphia Record

The Old Philosopher.

"Make up your mind to let Happiness enter with the dawn of the New Year," says the Old Philosopher, "but at that season, when he knocks at the door, some folks lay low and say nothing. There is some danger, you know, of getting Happiness mixed up with the New Year bill collector."—Atlanta Constitution.

HOTEL de CAMP.

ROOMS, 25 Cents. MEALS, 25 Cents.

DAY BOARD, \$4.50 per WEEK; BOARD and ROOM, \$5.50 per WEEK.

D. HOODENPYLE, Proprietor. SUNNYSIDE, NEW MEX.

FORT SUMNER RESTAURANT.

Mrs. M. Phillon, Proprietress.

First-class Board and Clean, Well-furnished Rooms :: Prompt Service and Courteous Attention Given To All Patrons.

5th. STREET MEAT MARKET.

CURTIS & WOLFLEY, Prop's.

The Best Line Of Fresh and Cured Meats In Town.

"OUT OF TOWN ORDERS SOLICITED."

Livery Stable and Feed Yard.

HORSES BOARDED BY THE MONTH. ADOBE CORRAL CAMP WITH CEMENT FLOOR, HACK MEETS ALL TRAINS.

W. M. HUNTER, Prop. SUNNYSIDE, N. M.

Notice to Homesteaders!

If your notice of intention to make final proof on your homestead appears in these columns, read it carefully, and if you find any error in the dates, description, or spelling of names, it should be reported to this office at once, so it can be corrected.

It might delay your final proof should in error be allowed to remain in the notice.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M., Oct. 2, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that John R. Withers, of Aguila, Chihuahua County, N. M., who on March 17th, 1908, made Homestead Entry, 14976, Serial No. 01437, for Northwest quarter, Section 10, Township 1 N., Range 2 E., Principal Meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. M. Weddington, U. S. Commissioner at Santa Fe, N. M., on the 24th day of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: James Brown, J. W. House, William Jones, L. A. Johnson, all of Aguila, N. M.

T. C. TILLOTSON, Register.

Oct. 9—Nov. 17.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M., Oct. 2, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that P. Randolph Faye, of Buchanan, N. M., who on May 23rd, 1904, made Homestead Entry, No. 1008, Serial No. 01437, for Northwest quarter, Section 10, Township 1 N., Range 2 E., Principal Meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. M. Weddington, U. S. Commissioner at Santa Fe, N. M., on the 24th day of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Alfred W. Priddy, Thomas Clavay, William E. Baker, Thomas E. W. Smith, all of Buchanan, N. M.

T. C. TILLOTSON, Register.

Oct. 16—Nov. 20.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., Oct. 2, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that James O. Reed, of Ricardo, N. M., who on January 17th, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 137, for North half North East 1/4, Section 10, Township 2 N., Range 2 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. M. Weddington, U. S. Commissioner at Santa Fe, N. M., on the 24th day of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: E. C. Mitchell, G. W. Zimmerman, J. H. Sager, Walter Howell, all of Ricardo, N. M.

MANUEL R. OTERO, Register.

Oct. 16—Nov. 20.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at Roswell, N. M., Oct. 2, 1909.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Augustus E. Anderson, contestant, against Homestead Entry, No. 1385, made December 4, 1907, for new 1-4, Section 25, Township 2 N., Range 2 E., N. M. P. Meridian, by Paul H. Jones, N. M. P. Meridian, in which it is alleged that said entryman has wholly abandoned said land for more than six months last past, and parties are hereby notified to appear, respond, and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock, a. m., on November 23, 1909, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, N. M.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed July 26, 1909, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

T. C. TILLOTSON, Register.

HAROLD HUBB, Receiver.

Oct. 16—Nov. 20.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., Oct. 2, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Roy H. Starr, of Schroeder, N. M., who on October 12th, 1907, made Homestead Entry, No. 1002, Serial No. 0128, for Northwest 1/4, Section 15, Township 1 N., Range 2 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Frank J. Page, U. S. Court Commissioner at Schroeder, N. M., on the 29th day of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: William W. Wealey, William J. Bolden, George W. Reacor, Charles E. Starr, all of Schroeder, N. M.

T. C. TILLOTSON, Register.

Oct. 16—Nov. 20.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at Roswell, N. M., Oct. 2, 1909.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by George Yockey, contestant, against Homestead Entry, No. 2117, made September 28, 1907, for new 1-4, Section 25, Township 2 N., Range 2 E., N. M. P. Meridian, by William T. Glazcock, Contestant, in which it is alleged that said entryman has wholly abandoned said land for more than six months last past, and parties are hereby notified to appear, respond, and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock, a. m., on November 23, 1909, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office at Roswell, N. M.

T. C. TILLOTSON, Register.

Oct. 16—Nov. 20.